

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

VOL. 6--NO. 40.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, JUNE 14, 1851.

WHOLE NO. 300.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Published every Saturday, at Salem, Col. Co., O.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum if paid in advance.
\$1.75 per annum if paid within the first six months of the subscriber's year.
\$2.00 per annum, if payment be delayed beyond six months.

It is occasionally sent numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor. All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

THE BUGLE.

We hope every abolitionist, after reading the following eloquent, truthful and scathing remarks concerning Daniel Webster and his accomplices, will be sure to hand it his whig neighbor.

CLOSE OF THE SPEECH OF

HON. HORACE MANN.

Delivered at Lancaster, Mass., May 19th.

But, fellow-citizens, as our feelings are stimulated to the keenest sensibility, in looking at the infamy of wrong which slavery commits, as we see the millions and millions of human beings dimly emerging into view, and crowding down the vista of futurity, to blast our eyes with the vision of their woe, a potent voice rings in our ears, exclaiming, "Conquer your Prejudices," "CONQUER YOUR PREJUDICES." And this exhortation is uttered in reference to the infinite crime and disgrace of sending into slavery, without a trial, those who are free under our laws—the men to stripes and death, and the women to the body's shame and the soul's perdition. Foul, base, more ungodly counsel was never uttered, since it was said to our first parents in the garden of Eden: "On the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt not surely die."

And what is it but this long-heralded cry of Liberty, but now its great apostate, blasphemes with the name of "prejudice"? If there be one sentiment more deeply rooted in the public heart of Massachusetts than any other, more intertwined and grown together with all the fibres of its being, it is the sentiment of Liberty. We have drunk it in with our mother's milk; we have imbibed it from all the lessons of the school-room and the teachings of the sanctuary; we have inspired it with the atmosphere we breathe, and our organs have been attuned to it from our birth, by the anthems of the mountain and the ocean's roar. It is from the love of Liberty, that our earlier fathers plucked themselves up by the roots from that natal soil into which they had been fastening for centuries. For this, they wandered abroad upon the ocean, because its engulfing surges were more tolerable to them than a tyrant's power; and as the seas were stricken down by toil and death, the sons took up the work and bore it on, generation after generation.

For this noble sentiment of Liberty, our later fathers encountered the perils and deaths of a seven years' war, and amid poverty and destitution, amid hunger and cold, and nakedness, without any of the protections and defences of battle which the wealth of their foe could command, they bared their noble breasts to the shock of the mailed legions of the British crown.

Now, there is not one of all those glorious deeds, from the embarkation at Deilhaven to the signing of the Peace of 1763, or the inauguration of the Federal Government in 1789, which was not begotten by the love of Liberty, or would have been performed without its creative energy. And yet, the arch-apostate, standing in the city of Boston, the home of old Samuel Adams and John Hancock, within a stone's throw of the spot where Benjamin Franklin was born, in sight of Bunker Hill, and with Lexington and Concord, and as it were, just behind himself, he calls all this a "prejudice"; and commands us to cast it from us as an unclean thing. Was it not enough to make the stones in the streets, and every block in that eternal slumber which marks the spot where Warren fell, cry out with most miraculous organs, to rebuke him?

We have another, and it is a kindred "prejudice." We have a "prejudice" of sixty years standing in favor of the principle of the ordinance of 1787. That ordinance has been cherished in our memories, it has been taught to our children, and we have displayed it before the world both as the pledge and the promise of our devotion to liberty. Five States, now numbering five millions of men, were the battalions whom that ordinance wheeled from the ranks of Slavery to the Lord's side. Hundreds of times have the Whig party and the Democratic party resolved that the principle of that ordinance should be maintained intact. Mr. Webster claimed the application of it to the new territories as his thunder, and swaged as he rattled it. Now he calls the great achievement of Thomas Jefferson and Nathan Dane a "prejudice," and dishonors their graves by his scoffs. He abandons the vast regions of Utah and New Mexico to the slaveholder; he gives nearly one hundred thousand square miles of territory to Texas; he gives ten millions of dollars in money, (more than with all our devotion and self-sacrifice, we have been able to appropriate to public education in Massachusetts for the last ten years); and worse than this, he gives permission that she may carve out of her territory a slave State additional to what had been unconstitutionally contracted for when she came into the Union.

And for what does he flout us, by stigmatising all these sacred convictions, and sentiments, and instincts, as "prejudices"? Only to feed the famine of his ambition. He began to see what every body else has so long seen, that his views were bringing up-

on him the retribution of premature old age and decrepitude; and that unless he could enter the White House the next term, he must wait, at least, until the great Julian Period should bring the world round again. He parleyed with Southern tempters, and fell.

Nor did he outrage our feeling only. He sacrificed our pecuniary interests, our very means of subsistence. Massachusetts would be prospering under an improved system of protection for our domestic industry, to-day, but for Mr. Webster's apostasy, which stripped us of all our power and of all our unity, and inflamed the spirit of Southern aggression. He sacrificed our country, the very means of our country's safety, to the protection of their labor, not an intelligent and impartial judge could be found that would not bring him in guilty. This result every unbiased man at Washington, saw, last summer; while he was cajoling the men of the North with the delusion that, if they would surrender liberty, they should have their reward in a tariff.

Fellow-citizens, I will trespass upon your attention but for a moment longer. I wish to advance one idea for the consideration of all sober, moral, and religious men. We have assumed the falsity of a distinction between a man's public and his private life.—We have supposed that the same individual might be a patriot and a good citizen; might be a patriot and an inebriate, a faithful officer and a debauchee, at the same time; might serve his country during office hours, and the powers of darkness the rest of the twenty-four. But I say, as of old, no man can serve God and Mammon.

We have been too prone to judge of men by their professions and their connections.—We seem to have forgotten that the tree is to be known by its fruit, and a man by his life. If we are to take the Pharisee's rule, and to determine a man's piety by his creed, and the number and length of his prayers, then piety will be the cheapest thing in the market; and as worthless as it is cheap.

In choosing teachers to be the guides and exemplars of our children, we demand high moral worth.

In selecting our religious guides, we feel almost justified in being captiously and morbidly critical; we hardly admit that we can be strict to a fault; and the man who fails to carry personal purity and exemplariness into the pastoral life, is driven from it with indignation and contempt.

How long have all good citizens in Massachusetts labored in the glorious cause of Temperance. They have devoted time, expended talent, lavished money, incurred obloquy; but as their reward, they have plucked the guilty from perdition; rescued the young, just losing their balance over the precipice of ruin; saved the widow and fatherless from utterable woe, and driven diseases of discord from domestic Edens. Now, after all our toils and sacrifices to uphold and carry forward the cause of temperance, and to make its name as honorable as it is blessed; why should we demolish all our work by elevating a man to a high political station, or by upholding him when in it, who, in the face of the nation and of the world, will become so drunken that he cannot articulate his mother tongue? Is this an example you desire to set before the inquisitive and aspiring youth of the land; ay, before your own children?

We have had men in the Presidential chair, not without faults and blemishes of character; but hitherto we may proudly say, that we never have had one there who drowned his reason in his cups. God grant that we never may. Think of this magnificent Ship of State freighted with twenty-three millions of souls, and laden to the cupers with the wealth of all the world's hopes, with a pilot at the helm, drunk!

We are an industrious and a frugal people. The aptitude is born with us. A true Massachusetts boy seems to take to ingenious labor and to labor-saving contrivances, from his birth,—like a duck, almost impatient to be hatched, that it may get into the water.—Dr. Franklin has stamped a family likeness upon us all. His economical wisdom is domesticated among us. Take a sound and pure specimen of Massachusetts farmer or mechanic, and analyze him, and you will find that, of his whole composition, from six to ten ounces in the pound is made up of Dr. Franklin. Now why should we root out this luxurious, fruitbearing virtue? Why welcome and court and feed the prodigalities and sensualities of the Old World, to corrupt the pristine virtues of the new?

Can he be a republican after the severe simplicity and grandeur of the old Roman type; can he be an exemplary citizen, who must have his thirty, forty, or even fifty thousand dollars a year to squander upon what I must not call, "to ease polite," his vices and passions, but more gently, "his tastes and feelings." While millions of honest laborers thank God if by incessant toil they can earn their daily bread for their families, and the bread of knowledge for their children? Can they be good citizens; or, at least, can they not grievously deluded, who give such purses to such a man for being the advocate and agent of their special interests, while there are hundreds of suffering men and women and more suffering children at their own doors? Do you want your children to grow up inflamed by such examples of excess and wantonness? I know that all this is defended on the ground that something must be done for a great man's family. Oh, that family! The progeny and costliness of the vices, what California shall be able to support? I know, too, that it is also said we must have great talents in the public councils, at whatever price. Well, if this be your philosophy, don't do the work by halves, but import Lucifer at once?

Now, fellow citizens, you know that all the men who are guilty of these great delinquencies from civil and social duty, the men who uphold the Fugitive Slave Law,

I might touch upon more holy relations in life; upon virtues without which there is no home and no domestic sanctuary; without which there may be children but the sacred institution of the family is gone. But I forbear. I only desire to awaken your attention to the great duty of extending the domain of conscience over politics; of holding public men answerable for those vices which it is a great misnomer to call private when they are committed in the face of the world.—The pulpit is false to its trust, if it does not follow and rebuke them, under whatever robes of official dignity they may hold their revels.

Three great stages of development belong to the world. First, there was the period of physical development, when the tallest man was crowned king, when the strongest muscles enacted the laws, when brute force was "His Royal Majesty," and claimed and received the homage of mankind. That age has passed, and how contemptible does all its greatness now appear. Then came the age when the mind towered above the body, when a nation's power no longer consisted in the millions of its men, but in the intellects of its knowledge; when the intellect took up the vastest concentrations of animal strength, which seemed omnipotent before, lifted them off their fulcrum, and they became, like a feather, in the breath of its power. That age is the present. The Moral Age is yet to be ushered in. In this age the intellectual forces shall still retain all their dominion and supremacy over the physical world; but the moral shall preside over the intellectual, and move them as God moves the stars, bringing them out of chaos, and wheeling them in circuits of unimagined grandeur, and for purposes of beneficence yet inconceivable. In that day, the Lawgivers of the land shall be no longer "compromisers" between Duty and Mammon, and the judges shall judge in righteousness. In that day, the Merchant, for the love of trade, shall not pay tribute in human beings, and send his flesh-tax across the free waters. In that day, the Gospel of human brotherhood, of doing as we would be done by, and of loving our neighbors as ourselves, shall not be doled out to us by priests of the broad, phylactery sort, in homoeopathic doses, reduced to the five hundredth dilution. But in that glorious day, the men who sit in the Areopagus of the nation, clothed with the emblems of the Law, shall be, as the heathen of old figured the emblem of Justice, blind to the outward eye; and all they know of color, shall be to give no color to the law.

In that day the successors of St. Paul shall preach as he preached, standing "in the midst of Mars Hill," a "God of equity and righteousness, of justice, of benevolence; the God who made 'of one flesh all nations of men,' who, alas! to so many in our day is 'the Unknown God.'"

In that day, when a whole people are aroused to ponder, with unworldly intensity, upon the great principles for which Sydney and Vane died; for which Hampden smote the tyrant of his day; for which the heroes of the revolution pledged fortune, life and sacred honor; no voice shall strive to seduce them from their sacred work by his Belial cry, "CONQUER YOUR PREJUDICES!"

Slavery in Liberia.

The patrons of the Colonization Society have taken great pains to contradict the statement of Capt. Forbes in regard to slavery in Liberia, but it seems from the following letter which we copy from the London *Morning Herald*, that the Captain still sticks to his statement and is able to give names.

"ARMY AND NAVY CLUB, April 8.

"In reference to the article on Liberia in the last number of the *Albion*, signed by 'Elliot Cresson and Thomas Hodgskin,' I feel called on to give some explanation. 'On the 24th of March Mr. Hodgskin very politely requested that I would give my authority for the statements in my work, 'Dahomey and the Dahomans,' referring to Liberia, adding—'You will observe that I am not calling my own accuracy in question; but the assertions to which I have just given circulation are so strangely at variance with the accounts which I have received from actual visitors, that I feel deeply interested in searching them to their foundation.'"

"Had Mr. Hodgskin published my answer along with the letter of himself and Mr. Cresson, I should not have had here to continue the controversy. It was as follows:

FOREST, Windsor, March 23.

"My Dear Sir,—You are right in your conjecture that I have not visited Monrovia, although for six months I was stationed within twenty-five miles of Cape Mesurado, and at Cape Mount met many Liberian citizens. That the citizens of Liberia are guilty of buying and holding slaves, I had ocular demonstration; and I know personally two Liberian citizens, 'sojourners at Cape Mount, who owned several slaves, in the general use of the term, but not in its legal sense, as regards the treaties for the suppression of the slave trade, as these slaves were what are termed domestic slaves, or pawns, and not intended for foreign slavery. These pawns, as I have stated and believe, are as much slaves as the sable prototypes in the parent States of America, and my informants acquainted me that almost all labor in Liberia was derived from a system of domestic slavery."

"Of domestic slavery in Liberia there are two classes the one common to all Africa, and practised by the aboriginal inhabitants for the most part—the other not much to be complained of, if not extended—by taking servants, helps, apprentices, or pawns (choose the expression), obliging them to labor—clothing, feeding, and instructing them."

goods of which he had been despoiled during a civil war at Cape Mount.—I am &c.,

"F. E. FORBES, Capt. R. N."

The materials in the copy of my letter to Mr. Hodgskin supply the place of the names of the two slave-holders at Cape Mount, therein mentioned as examples, which names I gave, in confidence, to Mr. Hodgskin."

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.

George Thompson was repeatedly and loudly called for, and at length came forward and spoke as follows.—I merely rise to terminate the suspense of this audience by making an apology for my silence. I should feel it an act of great impropriety to weaken by any speech of mine the effect of the admirable address we have listened to.

No man can disguise from himself the importance of the topic that Mr. Garrison has discussed to-night. Its chief importance lies in this, that it is a question that must be discussed because it is one embodied in the great subject of the emancipation of three millions in this land. It is not a question for me to debate; it is peculiarly your own question. My province is simply to declare the principle which lies at the root of this great matter of American Slavery; and that principle is of universal application, that no man can hold property in his fellow-man.

If it be eternally wrong for a man to enslave his fellow-men, then, my friends, the world from its commencement to the present hour has never before witnessed the commission of so colossal a crime as that of a deliberate and organized conspiracy on the part of twenty millions of men to enslave three millions of their fellow-men.—All other tyrannies from the beginning sink into insignificance in comparison with this. I cannot measure the guilt of your country, nor can you.

Rail of Russia and Austria, and the tyrannies of the Old World! God hang your heads, and learn of Austrians and of Russians the first principles of human rights; and when you have set free a nation in bonds,—when you have humbled yourself to the very dust,—when you have clothed yourselves in sackcloth and ashes,—when you have purged the temple of liberty from the streams of blood that have flowed there for seventy-five years,—when you have purged your Constitution from a compromise with sin,—when you have redeemed your land from universal degradation and pollution,—when you have silenced the clank of the fetter, the crack of the whip, and the sighing of the prisoner,—when you have done that, then read lessons to Europe, and set the world an example worthy of being followed! But till then, you rebukes you utter to the nations of the Old World recoil in thunder tones upon yourselves; and you do but hurl those rebukes to come back elicited with a trumpet voice, 'Base hypocrites! learn liberty at home, and learn that liberty consists in righteousness, and in using the strength which it gives to deliver the oppressed from their bonds!'

I can tell you this, because I am a republican in soul. I can say to your country, 'Would that all the nations of the earth were even as thou art, save these bonds.'—[Applause.]

I tell you this, not as an enemy, but as a friend. I tell you this, because I wish your country well, and because I can never be well with your slavery as it is abolished.

A nation in chains! and talk of sympathy with the Hungarians, and of sending a ship to bring to the shores of this Country Kossuth! Why, if Kossuth be a consistent man, instead of bandying compliments with Lewis Cass, he would send him words that would scorch his very soul, and say, 'Keep your compassion for 3,000,000 of you countrymen in chains! If you have sympathy with your country, from the banks of the Danube to the banks of the Bosphorus, my limbs wear no chains! No overseer drives me to labor in the morning! No tyrant's frowns wither my manhood! I am free under the Sultan of Turkey, and surrounded by his protection! If you, Lewis Cass, or you, Millard Fillmore, or you, Daniel Webster, have a superfluity of sympathy, send it Southward, and let it console 3,000,000 of Americans in bonds! Kossuth has enough for himself and something to spare for them, and he makes a contribution to the slaves of America of the sympathy tendered to patriotic Hungarians!—[Loud applause.]

I shall doubt the patriotism and love of liberty of every man who comes from revolutionary Europe to these shores, to accept the hospitality of slaveholders. (Cheers.) If he be a patriot, a lover of liberty, whether he fly from the banks of the Danube, the Seine, or the Tiber, let him go to New England, and find a home with the persecuted and maligned abolitionists of the country!—Let him throw in his lot with them; let him range himself under the banner of 'No Union with Tyrants! But let him not quit the tyranny for a crowned despot in Europe, to lay his manhood before 20,000,000 of Confederate Republicans!—[Loud applause.]

The question we have to do with is the right of man to hold property in man; that is the whole question. It is that which is disturbing the entire frame-work of your republican fabric—which gives the lie to every profession you make—which makes you a by word and a hissing among all the nations.

In this cause, it is the duty of every man to help the Abolitionists of America. There is not a man on earth that has not an interest in this great question. America is the world's property. She has professed to raise her institutions upon self-evident truths, and to make them subservient to, and promotive of liberty and justice throughout the world.—We have a right to demand of you, that

you do not assassinate liberty in the home and sanctuary to which you have invited her. We have a right to expect, that, instead of retarding the progress of freedom in the world, you should advance it by a pure and consistent example.

You do not do so; and America in England is a laughing-stock in proportion as she brags of the liberty that you have in this country. Is there any virtue in that? There was virtue in your fathers throwing off the yoke of the mother country; the virtue of sacrifice, of devotion, of bravery, of dissolving old and endeared associations. But I cannot imagine any creature living so destitute of merit, as a republican born in this country, making a boast of being free because he cannot help it!

Mr. T. then referred to the fact that many persons were yet uninterested in this question, because they had yet to be awakened to a sense of its enormity. This but furnished additional and strong evidence of the necessity of presenting the cause with renewed vigor. They looked for success from the efforts of a renovated public sentiment. In England, in carrying all reforms, the question was taken by the people, and through pressure from without, the question was successfully carried. It had been so there, with the Anti-Slavery and all reformatory movements. So slavery must be abolished in this country. When the public sentiment of America was renovated, and not till then, would the divines discourse sound doctrine. At present they seemed, by a mysterious coincidence, to write their sermons according to a model sent from the office of the Secretary of State. [Laughter.]

They must not attempt to cope with the defenders of Slavery with their own weapons. In politics, the latter would beat them. They must get into a higher atmosphere; it would choke them to follow there. [Applause.] Take your weapons out of the heavenly armory, and they will not have a shield to cover them.

They had a proof of the importance in which the cause was held. Did they think that the ready writers would be there from New York, if they did not fear the efforts they were making; if they did not know that there was a potency in what they were doing! He had only to tell them, that, in the results of this agitation, their worst fears would be realized. [Cheers.]

He had often been asked if he could, by giving the word, emancipate the slaves of America, would he do it at once. He had as often replied, 'I would not stop to say it—I would think it! He had no fears of the results of emancipation.

Mr. T. concluded his address as follows:—Whenever this system shall fall, not only shall the skies be as bright and as stable as ever, but a sun more glorious than has ever yet shone upon your country shall arise, and beneath its kindly and impartial beams the millions of this country shall rejoice in a liberty that shall know no discrimination, and in a prosperity that shall know no discrimination, and in a prosperity that shall know no end!—[Long and continued applause.]

Women's Rights Convention.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage, upon taking the chair, said: I am at a loss, kind friends, to know whether to return you thanks or not, for the honor conferred upon me. And, when I tell you, that I have never in my life attended a regular business meeting, and am entirely inexperienced in the forms and ceremonies of a deliberative body, you will not be surprised that I do not feel remarkably grateful for my present position. For though you have conferred an honor upon me, I very much fear I shall not be able to reflect it back. I will try.

When our forefathers, left the old and beaten paths of New England, and struck out for themselves into a new and unexplored country. They went forth with a slow and cautious step, but with firm and resolute hearts. The land of their fathers had become so small for the children. Its soil answered not their wants. The parents shook their heads, and said with doubtful and foreboding faces, 'Stand still, stay at home.'—This has sufficed for us—we have lived and enjoyed ourselves here. True, our mountains are high, and our soil is rigid and cold. But you would find a better, change, and trial, and will meet you at every step. Stay, tarry with us, and go not forth to the wilderness.

But the children answered, Let us go.—This land has sufficed for you, but the one beyond the mountains is better. We know there is trial, toil and danger; but for the sake of children, and our children's children, we are willing to meet all.

They went forth, and pitched their tents in the wilderness. An herculean task was before them—the rich and fertile soil was once shadowed by a mighty forest, their giant trees were to be felled. The Indian roamed the wild, wide hunting ground, and claimed them as his own. He must be met and subdued, the savage beasts howled defiance from every hill top and in every glen. They must be destroyed.

Did the hearts of our fathers fail? No, they entered upon their new life, their new world, with a strong faith and a mighty will. For they saw in the prospective a great and incalculable good. It was not the work of an hour, nor of a day—not of weeks or months—but of long struggling, toiling, painful years.

If they failed at one point, they took hold at another. If their paths through the wilder-

ness, were at first crooked, rough and dangerous, by little and little they improved them. The forest faded away, the savage disappeared, the wild beasts were destroyed and the hopes, and prophetic visions of the far seeing powers in the new and untrodden country, were more than realized.

Permit me to draw a comparison between the situation of our forefathers in the wilderness, without even so much as a bridle path through its dark depths, and our present position.

The old land, of moral, social and political privilege, seems too narrow for our wants—its soil answers not to our growing—and we feel that we see clearly a better country, that we might inhabit. But there are mountains of established law and custom, to overcome. A wilderness of prejudice to be subdued. A powerful foe of selfishness and self-interest, to overthrow. Wild beast of pride, envy, malice and hate to destroy. But for the sake of our children, and our children's children, we have entered upon the work. Hoping and praying that we may be guided by wisdom—sustained by love, and led and cheered by the earnest hope of doing good.

I shall enter into no labored argument to prove that woman does not occupy the position in society, to which her capacity justly entitles her.

The rights of mankind emanate from their natural wants and emotions. Are not the natural wants and emotions of humanity common to, and shared equally by both sexes? Does man hunger and thirst, suffer cold and heat, more than woman? Does he love and hate—hope and fear joy and sorrow more than woman?

Does his heart thrill with a deeper pleasure in doing good? Can his soul writhe in more bitter agony under the consciousness of evil or wrong?

Is the sunshine more glorious, the air more quiet, the sounds of harmony more soothing, the perfume of flowers more exquisite, or forms of beauty more soul-satisfying to his senses than to her—to all these interrogatories every one will answer, No!

Where then did man get the authority, that he now claims over one half of humanity? From what power, the vested right to place woman—his partner, his companion, his help-meet in life—in an inferior position? Came it from nature? Nature made woman his superior, when it made her his mother—his equal when it fitted her to hold the sacred position of wife? Does he draw his authority from God—from the language of holy writ? No! For it says that, 'Male and Female created he them, and gave them dominion.' Does he claim under the law of the land? Did woman meet with him in council, and voluntarily give up all her claim to be her own law maker? Or did the majesty of might, place this power in his hands? the power of the strong over the weak?—make man the ruler? Yes, there, and there only he gains his authority!

In the dark ages of the past—when ignorance, superstition and bigotry, held rule in the world. Might made the law. But the undertone—the still small voice of Justice, Love and Mercy, have ever been heard, pleading the cause of humanity, pleading for truth and right. And their low soft tones of harmony have softened the lion heart of might, and by little and little, he has yielded as the centuries rolled on. And man as well as woman has been the gainer by every concession.

We will ask him to yield still—to allow the voice of woman to be heard—to let her take the position which her wants and emotions seem to require, to enjoy her natural rights. Do not answer, that woman's position is now all her natural wants and emotions require. Our meeting here together this day, proves the contrary. Proves that we have aspirations that are not met. Will it be answered, that we are factious, discontented spirits, striving to disturb the public power, and tear up the old fastnesses of society. So it was said, of Jesus Christ and his followers, when they taught peace on earth and good will to man. So it was said of our forefathers, in the great struggle for freedom. So it has been said of every reformer that has ever started out the car of progress on a new and untrodden track.

We fear not man as an enemy. He is our friend, our brother. Let woman speak for herself, and she will be heard. Let her claim with a calm and determined, yet loving spirit, her place, and it will be given her. I pour out no harsh invective against the present order of things—against our fathers, husbands and brothers, they do as they have been taught. They feel as society bids them, they act as the law requires. Woman must act for herself.

Oh, if all women could be impressed with the importance of their own and with one united voice speak out in their own behalf,